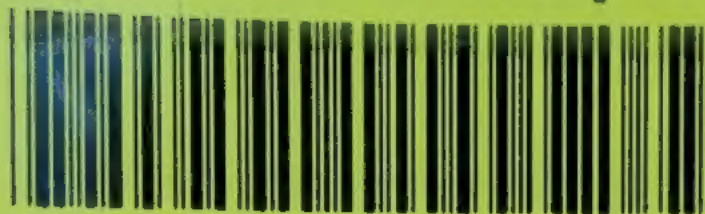


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25/03/2022 13:23:24

## THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSHOOD views Man's bliss,  
Then sinks into her dark abyss,  
While Freedom lives on GALLIA'S shore,  
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of *prie craft's* broke,  
And Man disdains its galling yoke;  
Base Superstition, Bigotry,  
Now vanish before LIBERTY!

## THE POLITICAL

A massy pile you have whose intellect doth spring, firs,  
A two-headed hydra, that's fit for any thing, firs;  
They *alt* their parts most *forical* in legislative firs,  
And prove to you they have four hearts by the *magis* of  
Whigs and Tery.

O! what a glorious, &c. &c. &c.  
Your b--h of b--s too, I find are very *modest* jobbers,  
The teeth of your insulted land is *pissed* by *thos* s--s;  
And he that cannot pay the *tybe* perhaps because he's poor,  
Those *christian-saints* will lead and drive the cattle from  
his door,  
O what a *religions*! what a *reverend*! what a *pious*  
Constitution!

And now to make conclusion, I'll give you just one reason,  
I hope their *sapient* Lordships won't accuse me of High  
Treason  
The reason's really simple, 'twill avert a rising storm, firs,  
Repeal our *penal* laws, and facilitate REFORM, firs.  
Then let Liberty! glorious Liberty! hear'n-born  
Liberty!—frame your Constitution

## CAPTIVITY.

## A FRAGMENT.

Written by the AUTHOR during his suffering and unjust  
imprisonment for his opinions!

WHAT can avail? The sons of envious strife,  
Have arm'd with shafts malign—the hand of pow'r;  
What smooth these bonds which rend the victims life,  
Or smooth that grief a hapless Parent's dow'r?  
Philosophy: sweet balm for our affliction's woes,  
Borne up by TRUTH whilst Life's rough paths are trod,  
Ev'n to the *Captive's* soul can give repose,  
And break the force of base oppression's rod!

SONG.

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,  
Its just precepts unerring pursue;  
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,  
Since base prejudice fades at their view.  
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.  
Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,  
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;  
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,  
That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

## HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admission attend,  
We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;  
He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,  
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!  
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's dubari'd,  
And plead prior right from illustrious birth;  
But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,  
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base *spies* or informers by chance enter here,

## HARMONIST.

## SONG.

On the introduction of the Convention Bill in open vio-  
lation of MAGNA CHARTA.

Air. *Life's like a ship.*

BRITONS will ye be degraded,  
By a base Convention Bill?  
Shall our Rights be all invaded,  
Laws be made our blood to spill?  
Tyrants and their wretched minions,  
Thus usurp a lawless sway,  
Whilst *genious* d *knaves* make slaves of millions,  
And tamely ye those wrongs survey!

Where's your *loasted* Constitution?  
Where's the freedom of your Laws?  
Thro'out the State for *prostitution*—  
Blasting LIBERTY's just cause!  
See Tories squand'ring all your riches,  
In wars against the human race;  
Whilst Whiggs to gain the *loaves* and *fishes*,  
Time-serving rogues cry out for peace!

How long must Tyrants rule victorious  
O'er this lost degraded Isle?  
Or Britons live as *slaves* inglorious,  
Ere LIBERTY shall deign to smile?  
Let's persevere with Truth and spirit  
Till tyrants from their thrones are hurl'd;  
Our long lost *rights* again t'inherit,  
And live the glory of the world!

D 2

SONG.



## THE POLITICAL

Behold base **FALSHOOD** views Man's bliss,  
Then sinks into her dark abyss,  
While Freedom lives on **GALLIA's** shore,  
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of *prie craft* broke,  
And Man disdains its galling yoke,  
Base Superstition, Bigotry,  
Now vanish before **LIBERTY**!

Behold their arms support the Cause.

## THE POLITICAL

## SONG.

## MORE PLOTS.

Air. Bow wow wow.

TO what a state of slavery, of want, and degradation,  
See Britons now reduc'd—once a great and valiant nation;  
Their Rights and Liberties destroy'd by tyrants and their  
minions.

With death or botany-bay should they utter their opinion!  
mum, mum, mum, &c.

Conspiracies and Plots we see daily fabricated,  
The horrid perpetrators confin'd—then liberated!  
And now this daring outrage his M—y to kill, fits,  
Was fram'd by Ministers to pass their grand Convention  
Bill, fits.  
mum, mum, mum, &c.

A proclamation offering One Thousand Pound reward, fits  
Was stuck about on ev'ry post lest justice should retard, fits  
But honest men informers hate, state-bribery and lies, fits  
So few were apprehended except by trading spies, fits.  
mum, mum, mum, &c.

Now see our heav'n-born ministry great finder of sedition,  
In the gosse-pye talk of treasons, and high crimes without  
remission;

See Grenville foams, and rants, and raves, devoid of truth  
and reason,  
To prove men meeting peaceably—commit *confrustration*  
mum, mum, mum, &c.

The rev'rend bishop H—s—y of wisdom and renown, fits  
Like his honest friend old Teddy B—ke would crush whole  
millions down, fits;

He said the people had no Rights in Monarchy's grand  
cause, fits,  
The only right he would allow was to obey its Laws, fits.  
mum, mum, mum, &c.

There's

The RELIGION of NATURE must  
Its just precepts asserting pursue;  
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,  
Since base prejudices fade at their view.  
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.  
Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,  
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;  
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,  
That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

## HARMONIST.

Should a printe amongst us for admission stand,  
We'd look to his *merit*—his *title* despise;  
He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,  
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!  
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,  
And plead prior right from *illustrious* birth;  
But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,  
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,  
We should

## HARMONIST.

There's P-u, D-d-s, and W-b-f-s, with other plun-  
d'ring thieves, fits,  
Those penal Bills support assist'd by John Reeves fits;  
Whole Petitions and Addresses fill'd with learning sense,  
and loyalty,  
Were chiefly signed by pensioners—the greatest friends to  
royalty.  
mum, mum, mum, &c.

But the real friends to government, good government I  
mean, fits;

To petition against *twisted* pow'r in open day are seen, fits;  
And tho' corrupted ministers our LEGAL RIGHTS deny, fits  
Still Britons for a JUST REFORM will conquer or die, fits.  
mum, mum, mum, &c.

To conclude Friends and Citizens, our LIBERTIES are  
gone, fits,

Next time we meet the *magistratus* observe what's said  
and done, fits;

But let them come like *birching* Spies in me they'll surely  
find, fits,

That tho' they chain my hands and tongue—they can't en-  
slave my MIND, fits.  
mum, mum, mum, &c.

## SONG.

## GALLIC LIBERTY.

Air. When gen'rous wine.

COME FREEDOM's sons now bend the knee,  
To glorious GALLIC LIBERTY!  
Avaunt ye slaves—ye monarchic crew,  
And give th' enlighten'd world its due.  
No longer shall the wretched go  
To Bastilles fill'd with dreary woe!



## THE POLITICAL

Behold base **FALSHOOD** views Man's bliss,  
Then sinks into her dark abyss,  
While Freedom lives on **GALLIA's** shore,  
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of *prie craft's* broke,  
And Man disdains its galling yoke;  
Base Superstition, Bigotry,  
Now vanish before **LIBERTY!**

Behold their arms funnels the Clouds

## THE POLITICAL

A king we find's an useless toy,  
The tyrant falls—express your joy!

Then why should we at life repine,  
Give us **FREEDOM's** laws divine;

Fill with **REASON** wisdom's bowl,  
Let **RIGHTS** of **MAN** thro' Nations roll,

Ever happy, ever **FREE!**

Hail! sweet goddess **LIBERTY!**

Our brows with **GALLIC** chaplets crown,  
Drive deadly Despotism down.

## LINES.

## ON EQUALITY.

**CELESTIAL** form! Nature's first grand design,  
Ere base ambition found its way on earth;  
Or falshood rose, opposing **TRUTH** divine,  
Which to corrupted systems soon gave birth.

Thy noble energies, alas! are gone,  
And to the prejudic'd not understood;  
Thou with enlighten'd men art found alone,  
For thou residest only with the **GOOD**.

How have the *ponders* of a guilty state,  
Amongst the ignorant decry'd thy fame?  
Falsely asserting—that the rich and great  
Would be destroy'd, or levell'd by thy name!

To strip vain glory of its gaudy dress,  
Of what had first its rise from Folly's plan;  
**VIRTUE** promote, and ev'ry vice suppress—  
Is to support our simple title **MAN!**

That

The **RELIGION** of **NATURE** shall be my delight,  
Its just precepts unerring pursue;  
Convinc'd **TRUTH** and **REASON** must be in the right,  
Since base prejudice fades at their view.  
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.  
'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,  
**MANKIND** could I once behold **FREE!**  
These joys with my breath will I freely resign,  
That **NEW AGES** may taste them like me.

## HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admission attend,  
We'd look to his **MERIT**—his title despise;  
He must first be propos'd by a **BROTHER** and Friend,  
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!  
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,  
And plead prior right from illustrious birth;  
But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,  
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base *foies* or *informers* by chance enter here,

## HARMONIST.

That one Man should take solely for his use,  
What would the wants of thousands satisfy,  
And lavish it in **OFFICES** profuse,  
Is rank oppressive *inequality!*

The base *calumniators* of thy worth,  
Are the supporters of oppression's cause;  
They dread the moment thou shalt issue forth—  
Dispensing **EQUAL RIGHTS** and **EQUAL LAWS**

**HEALTH** and **FRATERNITY** shall then be found,  
Then ev'ry Nation **LIBERTY** shall hail!  
**REASON** and **TRUTH** in ev'ry clime abound,  
And **JUSTICE**—**EQUAL JUSTICE** poise the scale.

## SONG.

## A NEW FOUR-AND-TWENTY FIDLERS.

**FOUR**-and-twenty Fidlers all on a-row,  
And they all struck up the *loyal* tune of—  
View, Britannia, Britannia view the waves,  
On which thy darling sons are *slaves!*

Four-and-twenty of the *swinish* multitude, all on a-row,  
Well, Neighbour, what think ye of the weight  
of *taxes*, we must petition Parliament for a repeal,  
and then we'll sing to the *loyal* tune of—  
View, Britannia, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty *democratic-politicians* all on a-row,  
Let us send word to our brethern in the *British*  
*Convention* to enquire what they think of the *taxes*,  
and if they mean to petition, &c. &c.

Four-



The RELIGION OF NATURE shall be my delight,  
 Its just precepts unerring pursue;  
 Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,  
 Since base *prejudice* fades at their view.  
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.  
 'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,  
 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;  
 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,  
 That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

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## HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admission attend,  
 We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;  
 He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,  
 Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!  
 He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,  
 And plead prior right from illustrious birth;  
 But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,  
 Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.  
 Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,

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## HARMONIST.

## SONNET.

## EMIGRATION.

OR THE PATRIOT'S LAST RESOURSE.

AIR. *In the downhill of Life.*

IN LIBERTY'S cause I could yield up my life,  
 'Tis bondage that renders it base;  
 I'll soon quite this land of curst faction and strife,  
 To seek out a happier place!  
 Where Tyrants and Slaves are not known to exist,  
 Nor Whigg nor base Tory mislead 'em,  
 Where each PATRIOT soul shall with me join the first,  
 To support the great standard of FREEDOM!

There under the shade of my fig-tree enjoy  
 The solacing talk of my friends,  
 With no taxes to plague me, nor tythes to destroy  
 The blessings which PROVIDENCE sends;  
 I'll keep in reserve Thomas Paine's RIGHTS of MAN,  
 And lend them to all that can read 'em;  
 And teach those who can't it was HE form'd the plan  
 To support the great standard of FREEDOM!

In sweet PEACE and PLENTY live crown'd ev'ry season,  
 With a Partner that's just to my mind;  
 My Religion not priestcraft,—but blest TRUTH and  
 REASON,

To love GOD! and do good to MANKIND!  
 And when that old age to long life brings a close,  
 The praises of fools—I shan't need 'em—  
 But grave on the tomb where my ashes repose,—  
 "The remains of a true SON of FREEDOM!"

SONG.

## THE POLITICAL

Behold base **FALSHOOD** views Man's bliss,  
Then sinks into her dark abyss,  
While Freedom lives on **GALLIA's** shore,  
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of *pride*, *craft*'s broke,  
And Man disdains its galling yoke;  
Base Superstition, Bigotry,  
Now vanish before **LIBERTY**!

Behold their arms support the Cause.

## THE POLITICAL

Four-and-twenty *Jacobins* all on a-row,  
Sing *ca ira*, and arm the friends of Liberty with  
pikes and daggers to exterminate wicked Ministers,  
and send word to our brethren, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty of the *privy-council* all on a-row,  
Let us formally examine the papers, and commit  
to the **TOWER** all those *vill traitors* who sing *ca ira*,  
and arm the friends of Liberty, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty *members of parliament* all on a-row,  
Mister Speaker, I humbly move that the act of  
*Habeas Corpus* be suspended that the *swinish multi-*  
*tude* may not take advantage thereof, and we'll for-  
mally examine the papers, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty *Republicans* all on a-row,  
D--n the --- and all the a--f---y! did you ever  
hear such an *infamous* speech as Mister Speaker, I  
humbly move, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty *Aldermen* all on a-row,  
We, your M---y's most loyal and dutiful subjects  
taking into our wife consideration the *just* and ne-  
cessary war, in which you and your faithful allies  
are engaged, do now with fear and trembling ap-  
proach your r---l throne, and d--n the ---, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty *Spital-fields-wravers* all in a-row,  
How many thousands of our Brethren are daily  
slaughter'd in this shameful contest abroad, whilst  
the *Liberty* is shackled at home, and a set of *stupid*  
commandizing *griffins* cry--- We, your M---y's  
loyal and dutiful subjects, &c. &c. &c.

• The **CITY ARMS** are supported by *Griffin*, with the  
following singular motto--*Damine dirige nos* 181

SONNET.

HARMONIST.  
The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,  
Its just precepts unerring pursue;  
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,  
Since base *prejudice* fades at their view,  
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.  
Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,  
MANKIND could I once behold FREE!  
Thou joys with my breath will I freely resign,  
That NEW AGES may take them like me.

## HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admission stand,  
We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;  
He must first be propos'd by a KNOTHER and Friend,  
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!  
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,  
And plead prior right from illustrious births;  
But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,  
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.  
Should base *spies* or *informers* by chance enter here,

## HARMONIST.

## SONNET.

## EMIGRATION.

OR THE PATRIOT'S LAST RESOURCE.

AIR. In the downbill of Life.

IN LIBERTY's cause I could yield up my life,  
'Tis bondage that renders it base;  
I'll soon quite this land of curst faction and strife,  
To seek out a happier place!  
Where Tyrants and Slaves are not known to exist,  
Nor Whigg nor base Tory mislead 'em;  
Where each PATRIOT soul shall with me join the first,  
To support the great standard of FREEDOM!

There under the shade of my fig-tree enjoy  
The soothing talk of my friends,  
With no taxes to plague me, nor tithes to destroy  
The blessings which PROVIDENCE sends;  
I'll keep in reserve *Thomas Paine's* RIGHTS of MAN,  
And lend them to all that can read 'em;  
And teach those who can't it was *HE* form'd the plan  
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In sweet PEACE and PLENTY live crown'd ev'ry season,  
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To love GOD, and do good to MANKIND!  
And when that old age to long life brings a close,  
The smiles of fate—I shan't need 'em—  
But grave on the tomb where my ashes repose,—  
"The remains of a true son of FREEDOM!"

SONG.

Dr. Mathewson Esq.



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 Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,  
 To betray and follow him should reign

Tyrants! Tyrants! they've conquer'd those Tyrants!--  
 Forc'd better skelter their vassals to run:

See! LIBERTY's mirror! has struck them with terror!  
 And made the knives fly at the sound of a drum!

Next the Pope in concerta his Banditti leads,  
 Of refractory priests against freedom of thought,  
 But he will be d--d with his crosses and beads,  
 For vile traitors or bigots they care not a jot;  
 No longer St. Peter, such humbugs hell meet here,  
 His bell, book, and candle-light nought will avail,  
 As such fool fright'ning macet, they now set their faces,  
 And to tumble his HOLINESS never will fail.

Then Pitt and his minions next join'd in the rob,  
 Their fleets and their armies 'gainst Freedom did raise,  
 But their plots and intrigues cost poor Louis his nob,  
 And their crusade 'gainst France ended monarchy's days  
 Oh, Billy, Billy! you must look very silly,  
 When the great men in France come to make their  
 demands;

You must e'er be in dread, lest they call for your head,  
 Before they consent to make PEACE or shake-hands.

The despots in Brussels were next in a sweat,  
 And Coburg and York were both in a shake,  
 They knew they must give up their lying gazette,  
 For true sons of Freedom possession to take;  
 Freedom! Freedom! French Flanders and Freedom!  
 No bribes or corruption they longer shall see,  
 Free GALLIA's sons, 'midst their thund'ring guns,  
 Shall plant round with laurels fair Liberty's TREE!

What a pretty kick-up there was next at the Hague,  
 Their High Mightinesses all put to their last shift,  
 The approach of the French was worse than a plague,  
 For the national-razor-s-a-sharp new-year's gift:  
 The mighty Stadholder, with his Saw so much bolder,  
 By armies united were forc'd quick to fly,

WHILE

THE RELIGION OF NATURE shall be my delight,  
 Its just precepts unerring pursue;  
 Convinced TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,  
 Since base prejudice fades at their view.  
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.  
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 And plead prior right from illustrious birth;  
 But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,  
 Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,  
 Their detection and fallowship incur should reign

Tyrants! Tyrants! they've conquer'd those Tyrants!—  
 Forc'd better seek their vassals to run:  
 See! LIBERTY'S mirror! has struck them with terror!  
 And made the knaves fly at the sound of a drum!  
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While

## THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSHOOD views Man's bliss,  
 Then sinks into her dark abyss,  
 While Freedom lives on GALLIA'S shore,  
 Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of prie craft's broke,  
 And Man disdains its galling yoke;  
 Base Superstition, Bigotry,  
 Now vanish before LIBERTY!

Behold their arms support the Cause.

## THE POLITICAL

## SONG.

## THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

AIR. Prussian drum.

THE spirit of LIBERTY'S spreading so fast,  
 That all d—d usurpers are down in the mouth,  
 They know they must surely be tumbled at last,  
 From the states in the North, to the states in the South;  
 Freedom! freedom! ALL must have freedom!  
 No despotic Emperors longer they'll bear,  
 Their swords are unsheathed, their ardour is heated,  
 And their Liberties longer no pow'r can enslave.  
*Tal de rol loh, &c.*

Duke Frederick rush'd foremost in despotic rage,  
 To make war against God and the good of mankind;  
 But famine and fire 'gainst his armies did wage,  
 His eyes now are open'd tho' first he seem'd blind:  
 Prussia, Prussia! freedom to Prussia!  
 Down with the Despot, and strike off his head—  
 No longer such rascals, shall keep men in bastilles,  
 Their treacherous pow'r will shortly be dead.

Then Leopold next united was seen,  
 By vile machinations of queen Antoinette;  
 But from his defeat she acquir'd such a spleen,  
 And the Guillotine only concluded her fren.  
 Austria, Austria! freedom to Austria!  
 No despotic Tyrants they longer will bear;  
 And for petty princes, they've broke down their fences,  
 And sent them to govern the d—d knows where!  
 The king of Sardinia too with them did join,  
 To drive the poor French to the kingdom of nod;  
 But much to his cost they've gain'd Nice and Savoy,  
 And planted the true love of FREEDOM—of God!  
 Tyrants,

Wickham Esq



HARMONIST

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,  
 Its just precepts unerring pursue;  
 Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,  
 Since base *prejudice* fades at their view.  
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.  
 'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,  
 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;  
 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,  
 That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admission attend,  
 We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;  
 He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,  
 Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!  
 He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,  
 And plead prior right from *illustrious* birth;  
 But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,  
 Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,  
 Where nought but good-fellowship jocund should reign  
 To our MOTTO each Brother will strictly adhere,  
 And shew those their vices, whilst TRUTH we explain;  
 Animosities fell, let us ever expel—  
 To the demons of discord and *sanction* on earth,  
 Merry MOMUS shall doff, the grim fiends with a laugh!  
 And PEACE rule triumphant in freedom and mirth.

Then as true SONS of FREEDOM now join hand in hand,  
 Abide by your rules and in concord agree;  
 Our efforts united success shall command,  
 Whilst we grasp at the blossoms of LIBERTY's tree;  
 May your pleasures increase, till you've finish'd life's race,  
 And may all friends to LIBERTY flourish on earth,  
 May HARMONY spread its bright beams round each head,  
 And confirm us the true sons of freedom and mirth.



E

SONG.

*His Grace their*  
*M. Ballade may*  
*continue in that*  
*Sam, for*  
*Mr Wickham Esq*  
*Your*

THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSHOOD views Man's bliss,  
 Then sinks into her dark abyss,  
 While Freedom lives on GALLIA's shore,  
 Where Tyranny shall reign no more.  
 Behold the spell of *prie craft*'s broke,  
 And Man disdains its galling yoke;  
 Base Superstition, Bigotry,  
 Now vanish before LIBERTY!

THE POLITICAL

Whilst fraternization pervades the Dutch nation,  
 BATAVIA like France may all traitors defy.  
 Now LIBERTY's blessings they'll never refuse,  
 Having all of them tasted its generous flame;  
 Neither *dungeons* nor *bayonets* nor *bells* can confine,  
 Nor fierceness their ardour ever can tame:  
 To arms! to arms! to arms! they're call'd now—  
 And for FREEDOM united their swords now unheath,  
 Tho' cold, wet, or parching, French boys still are marching,  
 And boldly contending for Freedom—or death!  
*Tel de vel, &c. &c.*

A CHARTER SONG.

Written for the SONS of FREEDOM, a very numerous and respectable SOCIETY held in Aldersgate Street, LONDON.  
 AIR—To Anacron in Hero'n.

TO Anacron we drink in a full-flowing bowl,  
 Or chaunt to his praise in a catch or a glee;  
 His magic illusions enrapture the soul,  
 And delightful to him, must be pleasing to me!  
 Trace his origin round, and he'll surely be found,  
 Like myself but a mortal that sprung from the earth;  
 But mine be the boast, to enliven the toast,  
 Of health to each true son of freedom and mirth.

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bowl,  
 Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,  
 And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,  
 No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;  
 By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!  
 The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!  
 Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,  
 And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

Should

## HARMONIST

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,  
 Its just precepts unerring pursue;  
 Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,  
 Since base prejudice fades at their view.  
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.  
 Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,  
 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;  
 These joys with my breath will I freely resign,  
 That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

## HARMONIST.

The King and Queen betray'd us,  
 And thought to have disarm'd us,  
 But they never can degrade us,  
 Or take our Liberty;  
 May the HEROES ever live,  
 Who seiz'd the fugitives,  
 And brought them back with freedom,  
 Glorious, blest freedom,  
 To see the Nation's freedom,  
 Sing—*Vive la liberté!*

Then for some wicked job, sirs,  
 King Louis lost his nob, sirs,  
 Who would his people rob, sirs,  
 And make them slaves to be!  
 But since the Tyrant's gone,  
 A REPUBLIC now they own!  
 They'll never yield their freedom,  
 Glorious, blest freedom,  
 Base tyrants now they're freed from,  
 Sing—*Vive la liberté!*

Aristocrates they bang, sirs,  
 And a-la lanterne hang, sirs,  
 Slavery there can't be, sirs,  
 Instead of Liberty!  
 See FRANCE mankind invite,  
 'Tis not bondage to unite!  
 They'll never shrink from freedom,  
 Glorious, heav'n-born freedom,  
 But live and die for freedom,  
 Singing—*Vive la liberté!*

E 2

SONG.

## THE POLITICAL

## SONG.

## BAGATELLE TO FRENCH FREEDOM.

AIR. *Malbrout.*

CARPENTERS and Sailors,  
 Milliners and Tailors,  
 All assemble here, sirs,  
 All for Liberty!  
 And if that you will stay,  
 And do not run away!  
 You shall see French freedom,  
 Frenchmen gain their freedom,  
 Glorious, blest freedom,  
 Sing—*Vive la liberté!*

PARIS for this day, sirs,  
 Is deck'd so fine and gay, sirs,  
 'Cause tyrants ran away, sirs!  
 All for Liberty!  
 Each bid and lift with cockade,  
 The *chapeau de Mars* parade,  
 Singing their songs to freedom,  
 How Frenchmen gain'd their freedom,  
 Glorious, heav'n-born freedom,  
 Sing—*Vive la liberté!*

You hear all Frenchmen tell, sirs,  
 That hatred earthly hell, sirs,  
 The Bastille prison fell, sirs,  
 All for Liberty!  
 Where many a wretch enchain'd,  
 Blest Liberty regain'd,  
 To sing the song of freedom,  
 To breathe the air of freedom,  
 Of glorious, heav'n-born freedom,  
 Sing—*Vive la liberté!*

The

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bowl,  
 Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,  
 And Liberty's sons—for we know no control,  
 No troubles disturb us, nor crises offend;  
 By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!  
 The bright sun of HARMONY shines at our birth!  
 Each brother in wine, tell its influence divine,  
 And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.  
 Should

His Grace their  
 Mr. Vallade may  
 continue in that  
 I am, Sir  
 Mr. Wickham



## SONG.

On the FAST-DAY, in 1795.

AIR. *The roast beef, &c.*

PROCLAMATIONS, inform us that this is the day,  
To sanction *bast murders* we must fast and pray;  
But good DEMOCRATS ne'er will such mandates obey,  
But eat the roast beef of old England, &c.

The *bishops*, the *deacons*, the *vicars* and *priests*,  
That they publish this *fast* will each have their *feasts*,  
And drink, and carouse 'till they're all *drunk as beasts*,  
Whilst they eat the roast beef, &c.

Neither *courtier* nor *minion* will *fast* for their place,  
Those supporters of war and disturbers of peace,  
Will each gormandise without once saying grace,  
And eat the roast beef, &c.

Billy Pitt, Charley Jenky, and Harry Dundas,  
On this *peace* occasion won't *fast* from their *glasses*,  
From schemes to enslave, but with faces of *brass*,  
Will eat the roast beef, &c.

'Gainst *monsters* like these now the poor may well pray,  
Who're reduc'd by *bast* measures to *fast* ev'ry day;  
For *famine* and *war* many thousands do slay,  
And waste the roast beef, &c.

A matter quite strange has just enter'd my head,  
As most of the people are only *half-fed*,  
Pray what can occasion the high price of bread,  
And likewise the beef, &c.

'Tis

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bow,  
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,  
And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,  
No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend,  
By friend *young Pitt* 'tis a *manly* resolve  
The bright son of HARMONY shall at our side  
Each day will we, for as *justice* divine,  
And hand the glad tidings of *peace* and *liberty*.

The REIGN of NATURE shall be my delight,  
His just proportions *never* will be  
Conceal'd till I can reach up into the right,  
Since *justice* *peace* and *liberty* are at their view  
Where *freedom* resides in the grove, &c.  
Ere I let's ev'ry *tail* wear the tints of *decency*,  
Marking could *come* behind *FREE*,  
And *joy* with *breath* will *freely* resign,  
That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

149

45

The very well known we'd have plenty of grain,  
If *Pitt* 'tis *minion* for *treason* or *gain*,  
Did not send it to *Austria*, *Prussia*, and *Spain*,  
With the salt beef and pork, &c.

The *murder* *sanction*'s *monopoly*'s cause,  
And *grace* his consent to repeal all its laws;  
'Twas for this I suppose that he lock'd up our jaws,  
To save the roast beef, &c.

That *placemen* will certainly keep *fast* his place,  
For *peace* 'tis *minion* that *brings* the *light* and *grace*,  
Which *must* alter the case,  
And punish the thieves, &c.

Two GENERALS now have receiv'd a command,  
General SLAUGHTER by sea, General FAMINE by land,  
And the poor as well thin as whilst they march hand in hand  
To destroy all the men, &c.

But as true DEMOCRATS let us ever unite,  
And *fast* upon *fast* days from morning to night,  
Let us laugh at all *priestcraft* the *Pope* and his *spight*,  
And on, by the roast beef of old England, &c.

F 3

SONG.





## SONG.

## THE GRAND MONARQUE.

Air. God save the King!

GOD save the Grand Monarque,  
Pride of St. James's Park,  
*Vive le Monarque!*

Send him victorious,  
As he rides over his  
States so inglorious;  
*Vive le Monarque!*

When he goes to the play,  
We join in loud huzzas!  
*Vive le Monarque!*

None but vile Democrats,  
Keeps on their greasy hats,  
Whilst they throw large brickbats  
At our Monarque!

Soon the King-killing crew  
Shall feel your vengeance due,  
*O! Grand Monarque!*

Pitt, to pose acts with us,  
A host of spies did he use,  
He's your worst enemy & us;  
*Vive le Monarque!*

You are so good and chaste!  
With such a noble taste,  
*O! Grand Monarque!*

The MAGIC PASTORINE,  
With your ideas chime,  
Bombast and foolish rhyme;  
*O! Grand Monarque!*

Then

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bowl,  
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,  
And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,  
No troubles disturb us, nor ills offend,  
By friendship inspir'd unanimity fir'd!  
The begetting of HARMONY BARK at our birth!  
Each brother in wine, tell its influence divine,  
And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

Should

The RELIGION OF NATURE shall be my delight,  
Its just precepts, its unerring pursuit,  
CANNOT'S TRUTH and REASON rust be in the night,  
Since hate pregnant does at their view  
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.  
Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decay,  
MANAND could I once behold FREE;  
Those joys with my breath will I freely release

These are a motley group,  
And we are made their dupes;  
*O! Grand Monarque!*  
But soon the time will come,  
When with the Pope of Rome,  
They shall all meet their doom,  
*O! Grand Monarque!*

When all the swine shall rise,  
Out of their murky sties!!!  
*O! Grand Monarque!!!*

They may grunt very loud,  
At their oppressors proud,  
Or sneak amidst the crowd—  
*Vive le Monarque!*

## GLEE.

Air Begone dull care,

BEGONE base PITT!

A short minor key!

Begone base PITT!

With MAN - his ITS you cannot agree;

Long time has he been buying Spies,

At this price of gold,

But 'tis a base PITT!

I too never had have thy wail.

Too

Too many know —  
Keep next men awe!  
And too many —  
Hear, we tell your law;  
But LIBERTY begins to rise,  
To rouse our Patriot band!  
And men long blind now open'd their eyes,  
To save their drooping land!

## SONG

## THE POLITICAL DREAM

AIR: *Liberty Hall*

ON my pillow one night as I carelessly lay,  
I thought by some pow'r I was carried away,  
And plac'd in the middle of St. STEPHEN'S-HALL,  
Where the new parliament were convok'd one and all.

The old usual scene appeared before me,  
Between Rt. Honourable *Wibig*, and Rt. Hon. *Tory*;  
From the *ARDS* HOUSE the *M. Yperbion* on the throne,  
His *speech* began reading with audible *u* is.

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN —  
It affords me much pleasure to see,  
Such good understanding between you and me  
The glorious victory of our common and I add,  
And the wonderful conquests my armies have made!

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bowl,  
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,  
And Liberty's sons—for we know no other,  
No troubles disturb us, nor it flies off-hand,  
By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!  
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!  
Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,  
And hail'd the glad union of freedom and mirth.

HARMONY  
 THE RELIGION OF NATURE shall be my delight,  
 Its just powers unerring pursue;  
 Conscience TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,  
 Since false *prejudice* taints at their view.  
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.  
 Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,  
 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;  
 The joys with my breath will I freely resign,  
 That NEW AGES may taste them like me

I call attention commonly to vote the supplies,  
I have not a word to say in my own defense.  
At first I was told that the House had no right to  
that vote. It was said that the House had no right to

And lastly I have on this weighty occasion,  
 Presenting you'll take to prove it an *intention*.  
 So saying, our n -- h -- m -- t -- f -- v -- e and bless !  
 Left the room for his friends to propose an ADDRESS.  
*Tot de rol, &c.*

The address being carried our friend Billy PITT,  
To open his budget thought pride it and fit,  
New *axes*, new *loans*, new *persons*, new *places*,  
With a long speech to gloss over *defects* and *disgraces*!  
To de *rob*, &c.

'Tis my wish the kingdom to keep out of trouble,  
A bill to propose the Mutineers to double;  
With our fam'd Volunteers which Britannia now boasts,  
Our country's fears will our fleet with our crafts!  
Tol de rol, &c.

Then Fox quickly rose to oppose the premier, saying—*My scheme is not good—and that plan is not clear*. Then I thought should they *change* in the administration, John Bull would be just in the same situation.

What is this coming in the room disturbed 'bout plunder,  
A chief with his army, with a file of death than thunder;  
A voice to me said—'it is time to depart  
"For old Nick now is coming to play a good part!"

Then I saw cast before me a wight like a faik,  
And *And* a linn in their o' wha hie  
I saw wif, a s' shen'd, frighten'd thif,  
Folow'd it only a dream! to my very great grief,  
*Tol de rol, etc.*  
SONNET





'Tis well to find in these hard times,  
Of Slavery and Famine,  
Reason and Truth are not high crimes  
For Lawyers to examine,  
Tho' INNOCENCE was guily tried  
By all the *hurdling* trade, sirs,  
Still JURIES on those Rights rely'd,  
We gain'd at Runnymede, sirs.  
Rejoice, rejoice, Britons, rejoice!  
At disappointed fury,  
Your Rights disdain'd, are still maintain'd  
By an IMPARTIAL JURY  
O! Britons, see! in *Scoria's* land,  
Base Tyranny is cherish'd,  
Corrupted Judges there command,  
There WORTH and GENIUS perish'd:  
GERRALD, and others, now remark,  
The fr ends to Reformation,  
By Juries pack'd and Justice Clerk,  
Were doom'd to transportation!!!  
Rejoice, rejoice, Britons, rejoice!  
At disappointed fury,  
And thankful be, that you are free  
From a wicked pack'd Scotch Jury!  
Then charge your glasses, for the Toast,  
"To every SON of FREEDOM!"  
Let HONEST JURIES be our boast,  
May Britons never need 'em,  
May TRUTH and JUSTICE ever reign  
O'er legal sabbidry, sirs,  
And future ages long retain—  
The Right of living FREE, sirs,  
Rejoice, rejoice, Britons, rejoice!  
Make this a merry season,  
The RIGHTS of MAN—*"Virtue's plan,*  
Are JUSTICE—not high treason! SONG

Shall or live each suffer there!  
Whilst far Freedom preides in the grove, &c.  
• It may appear strange to the sons of the grove, &c.  
to see extended to the sons of the grove, &c.  
between them, and others of a more regular &c.  
SERRALD, the only apology that can now be offered to the  
L. at ORO

That were true time in the  
Which ever had flow  
Ancient &c. &c. &c.  
Narrow &c. &c. &c.  
By the end of the world  
T. &c. &c. &c.  
E. &c. &c. &c.  
And had the &c. &c. &c.

## SONG.

## COACH FORTIFICATION.

AIR. *Alley Croker.*

YE CITIZENS of ev'ry State come listen to my story  
I may not to record the *honour* of Whigg or Tory,  
To find such *knave* as these our friends, indeed would be  
a wonder,  
Who differ only in the way to spend the public plunder!  
Our glorious constitution once possid some democracy,  
But now, alas! most sadly chang'd by *knave* a-f-cy!  
Who men to go: such *banbur* as a *rainband* or a *garier*,  
Will betray the People's trust—and their Liberties wil-  
barter!  
Our *can-stor*'s the greatest traitor to our CONSTITUTION,  
A d rather than support *REFORM* will bring on *revolution*!  
He *enjoins* up such mighty deeds assisted by his *spies* sirs,  
And keeps the country in alarm by fabricating LIES, sirs.  
'Twas that we for he fram'd his famous *pop-gun* plot, sirs,  
When after shutting men in goal, the scheme was sent to  
pot, sirs,  
The laws to render more *severe* his *Spies* he next appointed,  
In the way to meet his parliament, to insult the *Lord's*  
*anointed*!  
The *privy council* quickly sat, and held a *special court*, sirs,  
And a *dreadful plot* announc'd upon a *confabula's* report, sirs,  
To prevent such daring *regicides* in future to approach, sirs,  
A *wise debate* was held how they might fortify a coach, sirs.  
At length it was agreed upon, it should be fac'd with  
*copper*, sirs,  
To preserve the sacred *wig-black* from a *treasonous copper*,  
sirs!

F 2

Well



Well lined with a *buffalo's-skin*, and stuff'd between with  
*wool, sirs,*  
 That the d—l himself had he been there cou'd'nt touch the  
*r—l scull, sirs!*

Slow came this *moving-bastille* in heavy cumb'rous state,  
*sirs,*  
 That the r—l *animals* I'm sure had never felt such weight,  
*sirs,*  
 And when the *coachman* whipp'd them hard to make them  
 jog on faster,  
 Like *Balaam's ass* (could they have *spoke*) they would have  
 curs'd their *master!*

The people fill'd with *loyalty* assembled on that day, *sirs,*  
 To sing "God save their noble King," and join the loud  
*huzza, sirs,*  
 When of host a *constables* appear'd,—'twas dangerous to  
*speak, sirs,*  
 To *wink an eye* might have provok'd a *sentence* like KYD  
 WAKE, *sirs.*

Now Citizens be rul'd by me—'twill keep ye out of jail,  
*sirs,*  
 Be *loyal subjects* to your King, to praise him never fail, *sirs;*  
 Pray for his *holy war* to last, his *taxes* to encrease, *sirs,*  
 And shun those wicked *Jacobins* who pray for speedy  
*peace, sirs!*



SONG.

Shall entice each visitor there!

Whilst fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

\* It may appear strange to see the limits for poems of this denomination  
 so far extended, it has been found necessary in order to make a distinction  
 between those of a more irregular or satirical kind, to call the for-  
 mer by the name of songs, and only of those that can now be offered is,—they are political  
 ones.

The

## SONG.

## THE COMPLAINT.

AIR. *I lock'd up all my treasure.*

We once had SPEECH and ACTION,  
The RIGHTS of MAN enjoy'd!  
No ministerial faction—  
Our LIBERTIES annoy'd.

A GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION,  
With wisdom in its Laws  
Which at the Revolution,  
Was crown'd with just applause!

Our RIGHTS no longer charter'd,  
*Injustice now we own,*  
Our LIBERTIES are barrier'd,  
And all our FREEDOM's gone!—

## SONG.

## THE HUMBUGS.

Written on the retreat of the French General JOURDAN.

AIR. *The roast beef, &c.*

PRAY what's all this *bragging* and *tragg*ing about?  
The *Austrians* have put *one* French army to rout;  
That *John Bull* has a right to rejoice I much doubt,  
But 'tis sport for the *humbugs* of England, &c.  
F 3 Tho'



Tho' FREEDOM's fair banners awhile seem laid low,  
And shrink from the fury of tyranny's blow,  
Yet 'tis only to rally ten-fold on the foe,  
And astonish the humbugs of England, &c.

You say should the *Austrians'* successes increase,  
It must force proud *Republicans* into a peace;  
Now I think it will be quite the contrary case,  
For all the humbugs of Old England, &c.

The *Emperor* fights with *Great Britain's* support,  
Whilst *subsidies* last he may keep up his court,  
Or like *Prussia* make peace when he's tir'd of the sport,  
And desert the humbugs, &c.

The king of *Sardinia* has just sav'd his crown,  
And his catholic-majesty starts for renown,  
Since he joins with the *French* to pull popery down!  
And fight 'gainst the humbugs, &c.

The *Pope* in a panic at Liberty sighs,  
His bell, book, and candle, his subjects despise,  
Tho' his saints to convince them now open their eyes!  
And pray for the humbugs, &c.

With the humbugs in church and the humbugs in state,  
The humbugging lawyers in villainy great,  
Poor *John Bull* is humbugg'd both early and late,  
O! the humbugs of Old England, &c.

But justice, fair goddess! must soon intervene,  
And in pay to MANKIND may alter the scene;  
Then each humbug must bow to the fam'd guillotine!  
Oh! the humbugs, &c.

*Jack Ketch* will be sure of a fortune pell mell,  
Whilst the soul of each humbug is passing for hell;  
To humbug old nick must be humbugging well!  
Oh! the humbugs of Old England, &c.

SONG.

Shall I ever be true to thee?

Whilst the Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

\* It may be thought to see the limits for poems of this denomination  
has been found necessary in order to make a distinct on  
of a more irregular or satirical kind, to call the for-  
apology that can now be offered is,—they are poli-  
tically ones

The

## SONG.

## On the IRISH INVASION.\*

AIR. Ballinamona.

ARRAH, *Patrick*, arrah; what can mean all this fear,  
This talk of invasion—of enemies near?—  
To be sure your'e all *mad* if you're going to arm,  
Against people who *seriously* mean you no harm!  
Ballinamona-oro, the tricks of the *state* you can't see.

Now by *jefus* friend *Phelim*, you're *only* mistaken,  
For I hear they're all landed, and *Derry* is taken;  
To rob, starve, and kill us, those Frenchmen they say,  
Ar marching to *Dublin* from *Bantry-bay*!  
Ballinamona-oro, ogh, I'am ready to *meet* them you see.

To oppose such vile *monsters* I think we've good cause,  
Who've destroy'd their *good king* their *religion* and *laws*!  
Denied the *infallible* deeds of the *Pope*,—  
And condemn'd his *disciples*—their *priests* to the rope!  
Ballinamona-oro, no such murdering villains for me.

Bud-a'-nouns, brother *Patrick*, what *nonsense* you prate,  
As I told you before you can't see thro' the *state*;  
'Tis your *placemen* and *penfioners* bother your brains,  
They rob, *starve*, and *tax* ye, and load you with *chains*!  
Ballinamona-oro, to oppose *them* we ought to agree.

\* IRELAND at this time exhibits a melancholy picture from the baneful effects of ministerial depravity; three millions of its inhabitants disfranchised, and labouring under the weight of penal restrictions, while the insatiable demands of placemen and pensioners are enforced by military despotism at the point of the bayonet. Ask the indigent PEASANT, not half-heltered in his mud-walled cabin! or the starving ARTISAN with his numerous unhappy offspring, mourning perhaps over their last crust! ask them in the moment of invasion, who are their enemies? and they will point their foreboding hands to the palaces of an unfeeling aristocracy, and to the accumulating domains of unrelenting monopolists: "those are our enemies; those are the men who have forcibly invaded our RIGHTS, and plundered us of our property."

I remember

My friend, I have just seen  
the Irish invasion, and  
the Frenchmen they say,  
are marching to Dublin  
from Bantry-bay!

dedicated to  
the memory of  
the Irish people

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the Irish people

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## HARMONIST.

## SONG.

## THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

AIR. from *Comus*.

NOW Tyrants, mankind's greatest pest,  
Are sinking in the east and west;—  
Priestcraft's cursed spell is broke,  
Men shake off its galling yoke!

## CHORUS.

Plant, O! plant, fair Freedom's TREE,  
Sacred to dear LIBERTY!— *da capo!*

Now slavery from GALLIA flies,  
LIBERTY alone they prize;  
Frenchmen join the glorious Cause,  
For equal Rights, and equal Laws!

Plant, O! plant, fair Freedom's TREE!—  
Sacred to dear LIBERTY!—

Then shall we BRITONS tamely see,  
Ev'ry Nation round us free,  
K's oppression's iron rod,  
Bow to man instead of God!

Ah! no, like FRANCE, resist, be free!  
And plant the Tree of LIBERTY!—

The TREE now planted in our earth,  
Takes deep root, gives FREEDOM birth,  
All the Nations round it throng,  
Taste its fruits, and join the song!

## CHORUS.

Hail! all hail! fair Freedom's TREE!  
Ever bloom to LIBERTY!—

## STANZAS.

*My Office, & the*

*Commanded by*

*Mr. J. J. J. J. J.*

*Copy of a letter*

*received from the*

*Governor of the*

*at Boston*

*Le Chevalier de  
Vallade, Fencing Master at the  
Academy, and to desire you will  
be pleased to lay the same over  
to the Duke of A. J.*

*His Grace their Lordship's desire  
M. Vallade may be permitted to  
be in that employment.*



# THE POLITICAL

## STANZAS.

*Descriptive of the great and glorious transition in the Government of FRANCE, from a Solate despotism, to National Liberty.*

SEE the court of great FRANCE till by nobles disgrac'd,  
The monarch in splendour above them high-plac'd,  
What what despotic grandeur he looks on the slaves,  
And his nod, or his frown, and his t'anny waves,  
Mist his courtiers all, utterers list'n to his ear,  
No compar'is from poor mortals he'll allow now to hear  
Surrounded by guards that his orders await,  
He thinks himself on th'g above mortal star.

Next view that fair *for'rests* that's link'd to his soul,  
In the mansions of bliss the oppressors now roll,  
In the vale of enjoyment no horns does he dread,  
Nor the torrent of mis'ries which hang o'er his head;  
Could he but relax from his joys for a-while,  
He'd find base *deceit* close-ally'd to each snile,  
Fear, famine, and fury, which stain'd *Louis'* name,  
May justly be deem'd to have sprung from this dam!

Now see *Louis* soaring in grandeur and state,  
And vile *Antoinette* in ambition so great;  
When the poor ghastly form of LIBERTY in rage,  
Friends' off-spring to the forum she drags,  
With what horror the concord would break which before  
On eagle-fledg'd wings to *Olympus* could soar!  
This first ray of sun-shine so gladden'd the earth,  
That its gentle diffusions gave prodigies birth!

Turn your eyes to that prison of horror and dread,  
Where hundreds of living lay *comb'd* with the dead,  
Where the PATRIOT-husband was torn from his wife,  
A *letter-de-cachet* immur'd him for life;  
But the PEOPLE inspir'd for blest Freedom advance,  
An attack in *conspire*, and *liberty* yields the lance.

# HARMONIST.

Thus befor' it's l'v'd, wh' it shov's  
The stand it et matches begins now to  
This stand if n serv'—us mansion of  
As it breaks it is the cruities of each  
At each clasp it is the cruel hands the axes  
Go d God they all cry—wh' new h  
With bre'st's quick expand d for tyrann  
Or the b'd of terror of a reform team w  
The heroes all enter! their terrors d  
And the bright lamp of Freedom doth gl

Now JUSTICE and MERCY each Patr  
Directing their councils, and a new  
The People's great Laws to the m  
To meet h'k n's fiction to FREEDOM  
With what seeming joy the new code be  
Then *justice* t'rais his faith, and the l  
Still alas! they believe him yet true to th  
The basest of monarchs thus meets their

Here let cool reflection a moment but p  
And we *Louis* in az whilst signing the  
Search his heart to its core's-depth, no g  
But's shadow'd and moulded by *Antoinette*  
The dispenser of ev'ry good he'd have  
Had not this fell *fair-one* polluted the so  
And held up that *spell* of general sway  
When from her as from Heav'n it brigh

A select takes place to enlighten the f  
The monarch takes flight w th his ma  
The People now find their opinions mis  
And their dar MAGNA CHARTA by tyr  
With vigilance arm'd the traitors pursu  
'Til taken w th shame the r' duple ty  
But a n, O sweet merc, all harri  
The heart of

## STANZAS,

*Descriptive of the great and glorious transition in the Government of FRANCE, from a despotism, to National Liberty.*

SEE the court of great FRANCE first by *monarchs* graced,  
The monarch in splendour above them high placed;  
With what despotic grandeur he looks on his slaves,  
And his nod, e'er his frown all his tarry waves;  
'Midst his courtiers and flatterers listening his ear,  
No complaints from poor mortals he'll deign to hear  
Sutrouded by *guards* that his orders await,  
He thinks himself some thing above mortal state.

Next view that fair *fire-refs* that's kindled to his soul,  
In the mansions of bliss the *oppressors* now roll;  
In the vale of enjoyment no longer they had e'er,  
Nor the torrent of mis'ry's which hang o'er his head;  
Could he but relax from his joy for a while,  
He'd had bade *accuse* e'er *use-ally's* to each file,  
Fear, famine, and fury, when *Antoinette's* name,  
May justly be deemed to have sprung from this dame!

Now see *Louis* soaring in grandeur and state,  
And vile *Antoinette* in ambition so great;  
When the poor ghastly form of *LINEARY* in rage,  
Erinnys' offspring to the forum she drags,  
With what horror the concord would break which before  
On eagle fledg'd wings to *Olympus* could soar!  
This first ray of sun-shine so gauden'd the earth,  
That its gentle diffusions gave prodigies birth

Turn your eyes to that prison of horror and dread,  
Where hundreds of living lay tomb'd with the dead,  
Where the PATRIOT-husband was torn from his wife,  
A *letter-de-cachet* immur'd him for life;  
But the PEOPLE insist'd for blest Freedom's advance,  
And the PEOPLE insist'd for blest Freedom's advance;

Thus he's seen it's light, which it's heart's  
The grandest of monarchs he bows in  
This grand of monarchs his mission of  
Are the *acks* of the nation, the *acks* of  
Good God! their all *acks* when *acks* of  
With breasts quivering at a *acks* of  
On the best to *acks* of a *acks* of  
The *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of  
And the bright lamp of Freedom dith glow in

Now JUSTICE and MERCY each Patriot sees,  
Directing their councils, and a *acks* of  
The PEOPLE's great Laws to the monarch's  
To meet his kind *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of  
With what *acks* of joy the new code he receives,  
Then *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of  
So *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of  
The *acks* of monarchs thus meets their appli

Here let our *acks* of a moment but pause,  
And the *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of  
Such his heart to its *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of  
But *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of  
The *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of  
Haa not this tale *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of  
And held up that *acks* of general sway,  
When from her as from *acks* of it brighten'd

A subject takes place to enlighten the scene,  
The monarch takes flight with his magical queen,  
The PEOPLE now find the *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of  
A *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of  
With vigilance arm'd the traitors pursue,  
To taken with shame their *acks* of *acks* of  
B *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of  
The *acks* of monarchs *acks* of *acks* of *acks* of



## STANZAS.

*Descriptive of the great and glorious transition in the Government of FRANCE from absolute despotism, to National Liberty.*

SEE the court of great FRANCE first by nobles d'ignac,  
The monarch in splendour above them high-plac'd;  
With what despotic grandeur he looks on a slave,  
Arch his nose, or his frown directs to any wretch;  
'Mist his courtiers and sycophants his ear,  
No complaints from pain or tortures reach his ear,  
Surrounded by guards that his nod saw to bear  
He think himself something above mortal fear.

Next view that far fore'rests that's link'd to his bed,  
In the mansion of his the oppressor now dead,  
In the vale of enjoyment no horns does he dread,  
Nor the torrent of mis'ts when a'g o'er his head,  
Could he but relax from his joys for a while,  
He'd find base deceit close ally'd to each smile,  
Fear, famine, and fury, which stain'd Louis' name,  
May justly be deem'd to have sprung from this dam!

Now see Louis soaring in grandeur and state,  
And vile Antoinette in ambition so great;  
When the poor ghastly form of LIBERTY in rage,  
Erinnys' offspring to the forum she drags,  
With what horror the concord would break when before  
On eagle fledg'd wings, to Olympus could soar!  
This first ray of sun-shine so gladden'd the earth,  
That its gentle diffusions gave prodigies birth!

Turn your eyes to that prison of horror and dread,  
Where hundreds of living lay tomb'd with the dead,  
Where the PATRIOT-husband was torn from his wife;  
A letter de-cochet immur'd him for life;  
But the PEOPLE inspir'd for blest Freedom advance,  
An attack in common all hands unite.

To its bulk, Louis's bed, whilst shouts ren-  
The monarch of monarchs he now to sea  
This splendid mansion — his mansion of d'ignac  
As it breaks the throne, the axe, the  
At each clash of the sword, what a cry — what a  
Good God! they all cry — what a cry — what a  
With a cry of "vive la nation!" — what a  
Of the throne, the throne, the throne, the throne  
The throne, the throne, the throne, the throne  
And the bright lot of freedom with grow in

Now justice and MERLY each Patient's  
Declar'd their councils, and approving decrees  
The People's great Laws to the monarch's  
To meet his will, to answer out of  
With what seeming joy the new code he receiv  
Then comes, breaks his faith, and the People  
Shall not be able to see him yet to their  
The basest of monarchs thus meets their appla

Here let cool reflection a moment but pause,  
Alas! Louis, whilst signing the laws,  
Such his heart to his crown and piety, no room  
Back his own and nought but Antoinette's  
The dispenser of every good he'd have been,  
Had not this fell fair-one polluted the scene,  
And held up that spellire of general sway,  
When from her as from Heaven it brighten'd

A subject takes place to enlighten the scene,  
The monarch takes flight with his magical qu  
The People now find their opinions displac'd,  
And their dear MAGNA CHARTA by tyrants dis  
With vigilance arm'd the sycophants, —  
'Till taken with shame the duplicitous views  
Bastard, the throne, the throne, the throne, the throne

To its base see it's level'd, whilst shouts rend the air,  
The grandest of monarchs begins now to fear.

This island of misery—this mansion of dread,  
As it breaks stirs the crannies of each captive's head;  
At each clash of the falchion, the axe, and the pike,  
Good God! they all cry—what new horrors now strike!  
With breasts quite expanded for tyranny's blow,  
Or the best subterfuge of a respite from woe—  
The HEROES all enter! their terrors depart,  
And the bright lamp of Freedom doth glow in each heart.

Now JUSTICE and MERCY each Patriot sees,  
Directing their councils, and approving decrees;  
The People's great Laws to the monarch's now brought,  
To meet his kind sanction to FREEDOM OF THOUGHT!  
With what *seeing* joy the new code he receives,  
Then *sirens*, breaks his faith, and the People deceives;  
Still alas! they believe him yet true to their cause,  
The *lust* of monarchs thus meets their applause.

Here let cool reflection a moment but pause,  
And see *Louis* smiling whilst signing the laws;  
Search his heart to its core's-depth, no gleam will ye find,  
But's shadow'd and moulded by *Antoinette's* mind;  
The dispenser of ev'ry good he'd have been,  
Had not this fell *fair-one* polluted the scene,  
And held up that *spectre* of general sway,  
When from her as from Heav'n it brighten'd his way!

A subject takes place to enlighten the scene,  
The monarch takes flight with his magical queen;  
The People now find their opinions misplac'd,  
And their dear MAGNA CHARTA by tyrants disgrac'd  
With vigilance arm'd the traitors pursue,—  
'Till taken with shame their duplicity view;  
But again, O! sweet mercy! all barriers bear down,  
The *basest* of monarchs again grasps the crown.

On

City Office 9 May 1798



On the *tenth* of a month what new horrors commence,  
To paint such vile deeds quite appalls the weak sense;  
The populace lur'd by their monarch and queen,  
In the *Thulleries* gardens all walking were seen,  
With attractions of loyalty each Patriot was led,  
When a treacherous *signal* prostrates hundreds dead!  
But the brave MARSELOIS *priests* and *swiss* well oppos'd,  
Forc'd in—sav'd the People—and the traitors depos'd!

Such civil engagements of blood against Truth,  
Were fought by those tyrants devoid of all ruth,  
Conspiracies form'd thro' ambition and lust,  
Hourly number'd the People in heaps with the dust  
'Till heav'n-born justice by cruelty shook,  
The cause of these havocs in close question took;  
She found it was *Louis*! stood shock'd at the thought,  
And decreeing—his head to the guillotine brought!

Bese *Louis*' d'section fills monarchs with grief,  
To van-guards and battalions they fly for relief;  
All courts now conspires against Freedom's blest name,  
But the balsam of life is the general theme,  
Each friend to existence, and its glorious good,  
Are epicures all now for Freedom's sweet food,  
The court-pamper'd *minions* alone now oppose  
The planting of Freedom and culling of woe!

But the time is approaching when TRUTH shall arise,  
With REASON coming to award the fair prize,  
No despotic grandeur shall move in their train,  
No blood-thirsty villains to suck ev'ry vein;  
Our courts shall be crowd'd, yet free from all vice,  
Each modest ear bent to await the best choice;  
And justice proclaim to a voice passing sweet,  
And Liberty greet!

ON A L

AIR.

COME listen to my d  
The Prince has ty'd a k  
The Royal House of H  
Is likely now to last—

The King he said unto  
debt, sir,  
So you must have a *Wife*  
I'll have you send to Ge  
Their Highnesses Serene,

The Prince he said good  
You may send for which y  
'There's *Caroline* of Brun  
Do you but pay my debts,

To pay your debts *myself*,  
For *F. & W.* & all the rest  
But *J. Bull* that pays for al  
Do you prepare to wed, a

The Princess she was ask'd  
The mighty Duke her fath  
She left her home so dear,  
And merely to E



HARMONIST.

65

SONG.

ON A LATE WEDDING.

Air. Bow wow woo.

COME listen to my ditty, ye loyal men of London.  
 The Prince has to'd a knot at last that never can be undone  
 The Royal Household Heavens, the arms of the Nation,  
 Is likely now to last—for another generation.  
 Bow wow woo.

The King he said unto his Son, you know you're deep in  
 Debt, Sir,  
 Say you will, if you can, to bounce & fret for,  
 I'll have you paid in Germany, to let my pretty Countess  
 Their Highnesses Screne, you may pick them by the dozen.

The Prince he to (good) Father, if you will find the money,  
 You may send me a boy or girl & she shall be my money  
 There's Caroline of Brunswick has got a pretty hand for,  
 Do you say pay my debts, and I'll take it at command, Sir.

To pay your debts may I, I should be much to blame, son,  
 For I am a poor old man, I would not do it with my name,  
 But if you that pays for all will, I'll be content to do so,  
 Do you prepare to wed, and I'll talk to Pitt about it.

The Prince he was ask'd, and she needed little pressing.  
 The mighty Duke her father, best wish on her for pressing.  
 She's a home for fear, and can't be upon the ocean,  
 And so she to England she came for her promotion.  
 G And

SONG

*Salade. Fencing Master of the  
 Academy, and to desire you will  
 please to lay the same over  
 the table and to eat  
 His Grace these Lordships desire it  
 Mr. Salade  
 continues in that Emburyment  
 have most humble request  
 the same in Page  
 transcribe*



And when she met the Bridegroom, she paid her humble  
duty;  
He took her kindly round the waist, and show'd the faith  
her beauty.  
But now that you are married, Sir, adieu to dice and cards,  
And stick as closely to your sib as Royal George to  
Charlotte.

## SONG.

## PARKER'S DYING APPEAL TO THE SEAMEN

**AIR** *Crest and Barred.*

You who plough the briny Ocean,  
You who labour hard on land—  
You who lull on downy pillows,  
Ruling with Tyrannic hand,  
Listen to my dolorful story,  
Scorn not truth tho' long by me;  
Madly 'ent on Britain's glory—  
While a Boy I went to sea.

Freedom's charms my heart alar'd,  
Freedom's praise I proudly sung;  
Where old England's foes defend'd,  
Lord or Duke loud plaudits rung:  
Quite convinc'd we freedom sought for,  
Bold we triumph'd o'er the waves;  
But when *Equal Rights* we sought for,  
Alas! I found we were but *slaves*.

42

The we're true love of Freedom, and our own,  
Which ever, flow, which ever,  
And ever, which ever, which ever,  
N ever, which ever, which ever,  
B ever, which ever, which ever,  
I - bright fun of HARMONY show at our birth'  
Ea' other in wine, let its influence divine,  
And hand the glad union of freedom and mirth.

## HARMONIST.

67

All we ask'd, no man of reason,  
 Could in *Justice* e'er refuse—  
 Little dream'd I for *high Treason*,  
 Like a dog my life I'd lose;  
 I oppos'd each violent motion—  
 French proposals I debar'd,  
 Oh! had I but cross'd the ocean,  
 Laurels had been my reward.

Hard the fate of brother Seamen,  
 Torn from *Children*, *Friends*, and *wives*—  
 Robb'd of all the *rights* of *Freemen*,  
 Doom'd to drag out wretched lives:  
 Forc'd to face unnumber'd danger—  
 ————bear the *Tyrant's* blow!  
 ————Murder friendly *Strangers*,  
 If a *Monarch* wills it so!

Brother meismates can you see me,  
 In a *halter* hung for you?  
 Can you now in danger *leave* me?  
 Ruin waits you—if you do:—  
 Talk no more of *British Bravery*,  
 That you're gen'rous no more boast,  
 You're immers'd in silent *Slav'ry*,  
 All you're *Manly Spirit's* lost.

Was not I by you *elected*—  
 Your *joint grievances* to state?  
 Now you've left me unprotected,  
 Yet I'll boldly meet my *FATE*:  
 Life I deem not worth preserving,  
 If in *Slav'ry's Chains* I lie—  
 Seamen take my farewell *Blessing*!  
*Freemen* live, or *Freemen* Die.

G 2

SONG

ICAL  
 room, the p l be him  
 wait, a d sh wu the lras  
 r, id d e t t e and bar at,  
 sib as R ja Coo G to

G.  
 AL TO THE SEAMEN.  
 de Breat.

or my Ocean,  
 on land—  
 follows,  
 hand,  
 ory,  
 sing by me?  
 a gl, y—  
 to sea.

heart elated,  
 proud y sang;  
 f es defeatd,  
 plaudits rang:  
 d m fought for,  
 'e the waves,  
 's we fought for,  
 ere but *Slav'ry*.

AU

ides in the grove, &c.  
 for poems of this denomi-  
 y in order to make a d-  
 e at each kind, to call the for  
 be ordered by—they are pub-

The

our bowl,  
 of a d,  
 ead,

er but  
 n d

His Grace their Lordship, desire that  
 M. Vallade may be permitted to  
 continue in

Mr. Wickham Pp 2

Wm. Keegan

## SONG.

BY THE COBLER OF CASTLETON.

*Air. A Cocker there was, &c.*

GOOD People, we soon shall of all be bereft,  
 You'll never see us, while a Penny is left,  
 You are all like the Dog, in the fable betray'd,  
 To let go the Substance and snatch at the Shade.

*Derry Down, &c.*

Our best Blood is spilt for a wicked pretence,  
 Our pockets are drain'd by a foreign expence;  
 Fellow Men we are murder'ring and waste all our chink,  
 For it goes, for it goes to the Devil I think.

To please our great men, we thus are ill-treated,  
 At home we are humbug'd and abroad are defeated;  
 For all our hard fighting, we get nothing but blows,  
 But the end on't, the end on't, the Lord above knows.

In Pensions to Knaves we pay MONEY GALORE,  
 And like asses we then toil and labour for more;  
 But at last we shall find, when we come to the push,  
 That a bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush.

We pay for our new born, we pay for our dead,  
 We pay if we're single, we pay if we wed;  
 To shew that our merciful Senate don't fail,  
 To begin at the Head, and tax down to the Tail.

*Since**W. If fair Freedom pretides in the grove, &c.*

It is very strange to see the limits for poems of this denomination  
 set, it has been found necessary to make a distinction  
 between these, and others of a more irregular kind, to call the for-  
 mer, the only apology that can now be offered is—they are gal-  
 lant.

*The*

That we're true sons of Freedom, with us our bowl,  
 Whichever has flow'd to the health of a friend,  
 And Liberty's love—we know we are true,  
 No troubles offend us, nor trials offend,  
 But stand up inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!  
 The bright land of HARMONY shone at our birth!  
 Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,  
 And hand the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

*Should*



Since it has been refused by our Lions and our Knights,  
To scound us, and make us pay dear for our lights,  
Why should we be penn'd up like beasts in the Ark?  
Why should we? Why should we be kept in the dark?

Now let us resolve then to die or be free,  
Nor to Taxes destructive, like Slaves to agree;  
But stand forward my friends and boldly advance,  
We've learnt a new lesson from Patriots of France.

## SONG.

## THE TENDER'S HOLD.

AIR. *The Hardy Tar.*

WHILST landmen wander uncontrol'd,  
And boast the rights of freemen,  
O view the tender's loathsome hold,  
Where droops your injur'd seamen;  
Drag'd by Oppression's savage grasp,  
From every dear connexion,  
Midst putrid air, O see them gasp!  
O mark their deep dejection.

## CHORUS.

Blush, then, ye mean, ye pension'd host,  
Who wallow in profusion,  
For yon foul cell proves all your boast  
To be but mere delusion.

If liberty

Admty Office, 9<sup>th</sup> May 1798

Commanded by my Lord,

of the Admiralty to

the Copy of a Letter

received from Sir

Governor of the

at Portsmouth,

your Le Chevalier de la

Vallade, Fencing Master at the

Academy, and to desire you will be

pleased to lay the same before the

Duke of Portland, and to express to

His Grace their Lordships desire that

M. Vallade may be permitted to

continue in that Employment.

I am, Sir

Your most humble Servant

Edw. Keppel

Mr Wickham Esq

If liberty be our's, O! say,  
 Why are not all protected?  
 Why is the hand of ruffian sway  
 'Gainst seamen thus directed?  
 Is this your proof of British rights?  
 Is this rewarding bravery?  
 O shame to boast your tars exploits,  
 And doom those tars to slavery.

When first returned from noxious skies,  
 Or Winter's raging ocean,  
 To land the sun-burnt seamen flies,  
 Imprest by strong emotion;  
 His much lov'd wife, his children dear,  
 Around him cling delighted,  
 But lo! the impressing fiends appear!  
 And ever joy is blighted.

Then from each soft endearment torn,  
 Behold the seaman languish;  
 His wife and children left forlorn,  
 The prey of bitter anguish.  
 Bereft of him whose vig'rous strength  
 From want had them defended,  
 They droop, and all their woes at length  
 Are in a workhouse ended.

Mark, ye minions of a court,  
 Who prate of Freedom's blessing,  
 Whom every hell-born war support,  
 And vindicate impressing:  
 A time will come when beings like you,  
 Mere baubles of creation,  
 No more will make mankind pursue,  
 The works of devastation.

A NEW SONG,

Shall enliven each visitor there!

Whilst fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

\* It may appear strange to see the limits for poems of this denomination so far exceeded; it has been found necessary in order to make a distinction between these, and others of a more irregular or satirical kind, to call the former SONNETS; the only apology that can now be offered is,—they are political ones.

The

That we're true sons of Freedom, each by our bowl,  
 Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,  
 And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,  
 No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;  
 By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!  
 The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!  
 Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,  
 And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

Should



## A NEW SONG.

THE pomp of Courts, and power of Kings,  
 I prize above all Earthly things;  
 I love my Country, but the KING!  
 Above all Men, his praise I sing.  
 The Royal Banners are display'd,  
 And my sword the Standard aid.

## AN OLD TUNE.

I vain would banish far from hence,  
 The Rights of MAN and common Sense.  
 Destruction to his *Odious* reign,  
 That plague of PRINCES *Thomas Paine*.  
 Defeat and ruin seize the Cause,  
 Of France, her Liberties, and Laws.

finis.

Warrant Office, 9<sup>th</sup> May 1798

commanded by my Lords

of the Admiralty to

the copy of a Letter

received from Sir

Governor of the

at Portsmouth,

now: Le Chevalier de la

Vallade, fencing Master at the

Academy, and to desire you will be

pleased to lay the same before the

Duke of Portland, and to express to

His Grace their Lordships desire that

M. Vallade may be permitted to

continue in that Employment.

I am, Sir Your most humble Servant

Edward Keppel

Wm Wickham Esq



# — Diploma The Word in the Ordinance of Chatham and

8th May 1798

SONG

VA OLD JUNE

shall entice each visitor there!

Whiff fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

\* It may appear strange to see the limits for poems of this denomination so far extended; it has been found necessary in order to make a distinction between these, and others of a more irregular or satirical kind, to call the former **SONNETS**; the only apology that can now be offered is,—they are political ones.

The

That we're true sons of Freedom, born of our bow,  
Which ever shall bow to the health of a friend,  
And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,  
No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;  
By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!  
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!  
Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,  
And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

Should